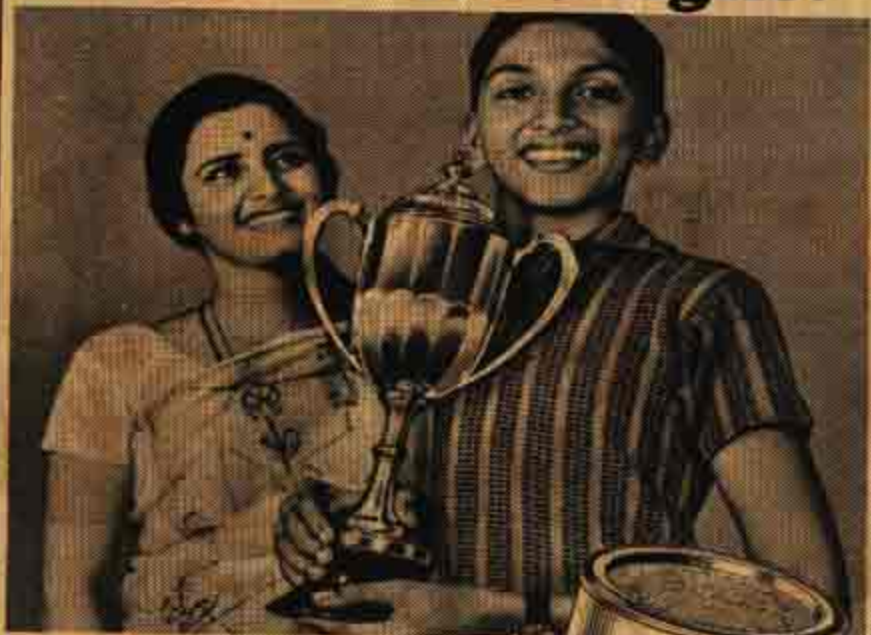


# CHANDAMAMA

JULY 1978



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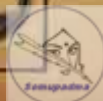
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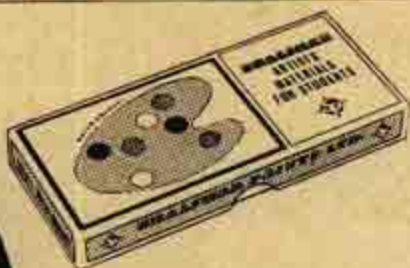
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*For more than twenty years, Chandamama magazine has been a firm favourite with young and old, throughout India. Hitherto printed in six Indian languages, Chandamama now makes its debut in English, bringing you the cream of stories from Indian mythology, together with folklore tales from many other lands.*

On page 55, you will find our fascinating Photo Caption Competition, with Rs. 20 in prizes. Incidentally the Editor is always delighted to receive photographs from readers and will pay Rs. 10 for each one published.



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## CHEATING BY CANDLELIGHT



Ali was a generous and popular man in the district; but he had two friends, Jabbar and Kassim, both of whom were inclined to be mean. These two friends liked to dine at Ali's house which was quite often as Ali was a lavish host and had an excellent cook.

Whilst they ate, the three men would discuss everything under the sun. One evening, the talk happened to turn to the subject of ghosts. Ali firmly declared that there were no ghosts, but his friends argued loud and long that of course there were ghosts. After considerable arguments, Ali was challenged by his friends to test his convictions for a wager.

Finally it was agreed that on

the night of the next new moon, Ali was to spend the whole night in the graveyard which was on the top of a nearby hill. Furthermore he was to stay under a banyan tree there, which local superstition said was the home of ghosts, as numberless as the leaves on the tree. And finally it was laid down that Ali was not to have any light, and must spend the entire night in the darkness of the graveyard.

If Ali passed this test, which his friends would make sure that he could not, they promised to treat Ali to a grand dinner. If on the other hand Ali failed, then he was to provide his friends with a meal comprising of not less





twenty courses.

On the night of the new moon, after an early dinner at Ali's house, the three men set out for the graveyard. Arriving at the graveyard they had no difficulty in finding the ghostly banyan tree and it was

certainly a dismal place for anyone to spend the night. The two friends, Jabbar and Kassim, quickly searched Ali to make sure that he was not carrying candles and matches, then hurried away, with a promise to come back at daybreak.

to see how Ali had fared.

After they had gone, Ali took off the string of beads, which he wore around his neck, spread a cloth on the ground, and turning to the west, knelt and prayed to Allah. By the time Ali had finished his prayers, it was quite late in the night. In the distance a jackal started to howl, then other jackals joined in the chorus. Above his head, an owl dismally hooted, and the graveyard seemed to be full of unearthly sighs and rustling.

Ali began to get scared, but calling loudly on Allah to protect him, he sat down under the tree, and closed his ears to the noises around him.

From where he sat, Ali could see the town below, with the lights in the houses going out, one by one, as the occupants went to bed until at last there was total darkness. But in one house there was a lighted candle in the window, shining out into the night.

Ali watched this tiny light for hours, and wondered why the people in that house should be awake at this time of night.

He waited a long time to see this light go out, but he began to feel drowsy, and soon afterwards fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

When Ali wakened, it was broad daylight, the birds were singing in the trees, and his two friends had already arrived. Ali rubbed his eyes, stretched his limbs, and in his heart was thankful to the merciful Allah for protecting him through the night.

After greeting his friends, Ali exclaimed, "By the grace of Allah, I have won!"

But his friends Jabbar and Kassim were evidently in no mood to concede that Ali had won the wager, and they started asking him questions.

"Brother, were you in complete darkness?", queried Kassim.

"Yes," replied Ali.

"Are you sure?" asked Jabbar, with a sly grin. "Was there not a lighted candle in the window of one of the houses?"

Ali at once knew that his so-called friends had deliberately cheated him with the lighted







candle. So he decided to teach them a lesson, one that they would never forget.

"Yes," said Ali, "I did see the candle light."

"Then you have lost the wager," his friends shouted. "And now you will have to give us the twenty course dinner!"

Ali knew better than to argue with his friends, so he fixed the day and hour for the dinner.

On the day of the dinner, Jabbar and Kassim dressed in their finest robes, arrived at Ali's house well on time. Ali as usual, received them warmly and took them into the big hall. They talked for hours,



but there was no sign of any food. At last, the pangs of hunger made them forget their manners, and ask Ali when the food was coming.

"A twenty course dinner takes a long time to prepare," said Ali, "So you must be patient."

The friends waited and waited, but still there was no sign of any food, and Ali seemed quite content to just sit and talk. Finally the friends grew suspicious, and told Ali they wanted to go to the kitchen, to see for themselves what was happening about the food. So Ali took his friends to the kitchen.

What did Jabbar and Kassim find there? The cook was sitting in front of the stove, on which was placed a big brass

pot, but only one small candle was burning inside the stove!

The two friends could not hide their disappointment, and shouted at the cook, "You fool, how can you cook a big dinner with the heat from just one candle?"

Ali turned to his friends, and quietly said, "Brothers, do not be angry with the cook. If a candle at the foot of a hill can provide light to a man on the top of the hill why cannot a candle under a pot, cook the food in it?"

After that Jabbar and Kassim were forever sorry that they had tried to cheat their good friend Ali, because Ali, though he remained friendly towards them, never again invited them to dine at his house.



## THE WHISTLE AND THE PURSE

Once upon a time in a little village in Sicily, two peasants and their wives were having a christening party for their newborn baby sons. They were to be given the names of Franco and Geraldo. It was the custom at that time always to leave two empty places at the table, for the simple peasants believed that two fairies might appear and give their blessings on the celebrations, and on the babies for their future.

It was a gay little party with a good soup, followed by chestnuts and wine. For a long time the two seats at the table remained empty, but as the feast was coming to an end, two women suddenly appeared. One

was old, with a happy smiling face. She sat herself down beside the mother of little Franco. The other was sterner-looking and she sat down beside the mother of Geraldo.

The two strangers ate a little food and drank a sip of wine. Then they got up from the table and asked to see the two infant boys.

The older, smiling fairy, touched Franco and said in a trembling voice. "I am the fairy Lubina, and the only gift I can give to this child is happiness in his heart. To make sure that he will always be happy, I will give him this magic whistle. When he blows it, he will never be sad."





The other woman then touched the forehead of little Geraldo and said:

"I am the fairy Laurita, and it is in my power to give this child a special gift. Geraldo will never be poor. If he ever has the need for money, he must hold this leather purse and say the magic words "Copper, silver, gold" and he will find inside three golden coins. But, remember, this will only happen once a day."

The two fairies vanished as suddenly as they came.

The parents of Geraldo were very pleased with their son's gift. Their child had been given the wish of riches for ever.

The parents of Franco were not so pleased, because all their son had been given was the gift of happiness, and happiness could not be eaten or used as money.

The two children grew up and their mothers made them use the gifts that had been given them. Franco was always happy and gay because of his magic whistle, but Geraldo always seemed better off, be-

cause all he had to do was hold the leather bag every day and say the words: "Copper, silver, gold," and out dropped three shining gold coins. Little by little the two families became jealous of one another because the parents of Geraldo always had plenty of money and looked down on the poorer parents of Franco.

When the two boys had grown into men they became soldiers of the Duke of Aquitania and were sent to fight against the Moors.

Alas, one day, they were both captured by the Moors and sent to work in the gardens of the Emir.

Thanks to his magic whistle, Franco never felt sad or unhappy and was often heard to be singing as he went about his tasks. But Geraldo was different, he was not happy at all. He went to the Emir one day and asked him how much it would cost to buy his freedom.

"Sixty gold coins," laughed the Emir, who thought that such a sum was far more than a peasant would have in a lifetime.





The Emir vowed to punish  
Geraldo unless he gave him  
three gold coins every day.

As Franco began to play his magic whistle, the Princess began to smile.



"I will give it to you in twenty days," said Geraldo.

The Emir was surprised and suspicious of Geraldo's answer and sent soldiers to spy on him. They soon discovered the secret of Geraldo's magic purse and the Emir, being both rich and greedy, wanted the purse for himself.

"Even if you give me sixty

times sixty gold coins," the Emir told Geraldo, "I will not let you go. I command that you place three gold coins upon my table every day or you will be punished."

Every day, poor Geraldo had to say the three magic words and give the gold coins to the Emir.







One day the Emir's daughter fell ill. She could not eat and could not smile any more. Nothing could cure her, but at last one of the Emir's ministers had an idea. "Why not ask that prisoner Franco, who is always happy and laughing to see if he can do anything."

Franco was called into the palace and shown the unhappy

Princess. He played a few soft notes on his magic whistle and at once the Princess was smiling and asking for something to eat.

The Emir was delighted and he told Franco he could have his freedom as a reward.

"I would like you to set free all your prisoners," said Franco.

The Emir was reluctant



agree at first because he wanted the three coins from Geraldo every day. But his daughter was so happy that he finally agreed.

Franco and Geraldo set off together for their homes in Sicily. As they came to a river, Geraldo took the leather purse

from his pocket and cast it into the waters.

"I never want to see it again," he said to Franco. "It has only brought me bad luck. You, Franco, had the better gift from the fairies after all, because happiness is a treasure for greater than riches."



# BIRBAL AND THE BARBER

Emperor Akbar had many ministers and amongst them Birbal was his favourite. His jokes and his ability to get out of difficult situations pleased the Emperor immensely. The other ministers were jealous of Birbal, because he was always in the company of the Emperor and was highly esteemed by him. But the person who hated Birbal most was the Emperor's barber.

This barber had also served under Akbar's father and grandfather, and when he cut the Imperial beard he talked of things which nobody else knew about—not even the Emperor's spies. Because, of this, he was another favourite of the Emperor. However, the Emperor liked Birbal more than him and this made the barber very jealous.

One day when the barber was cutting the Emperor's hair, he found him in an extremely good mood. He

took this opportunity to do Birbal an ill turn. He talked about the great fame of the Emperor's victories and of the width and wealth of his Kingdom.

"Your Majesty," said the barber, "if your forefathers in heaven, knew of your greatness on earth, how pleased they would be."

"Yes, but how can this be made possible?" asked the Emperor.

"All we need is to send a messenger," replied the barber "who should also be able to return to earth, to tell us how pleased your forefathers are with your greatness."

"It is a difficult task indeed, my man," replied the Emperor. "To go to heaven one must die, to return to earth, one must come back alive."

"Your Majesty," replied the barber, "this is not a difficult job for that 'Hindu fox'







Birbal. "

Akbar smiled secretly at the barber's malice. He knew Birbal could get out of any situation with the utmost ease and that he would not let himself be beaten by a mere barber.

Birbal was immediately sent for and told of his mission to heaven. He knew at once who the mischief maker was. Bowing low before the Emperor he said, "Your Majesty, what a delight it will be for me to see your grandfather and your father, and to tell them of

your greatness."

"As you know, Your Majesty, going to heaven is not easy and getting back is worse," continued Birbal "Being a Hindu, I have to be burnt to death in order to go to heaven and to return to earth, I have to cheat 'Yama', our 'God of Death.' But nothing is impossible in your service, your Majesty."

"That is the spirit Birbal," said the Emperor pleased with his minister's reply. "Then will you be able to start on your mission to-morrow?"

"No, your Majesty" answered Birbal, "I need a month in which to plan my departure and a lakh of your silver rupees."

"We can wait for a month, but why a lakh of silver rupees?" asked the Emperor.

"My old mother will not agree so easily to my being burned alive" said Birbal, "But it will be quite another matter if you give her a lakh of rupees."

"It shall be done," said the Emperor.

"May I be permitted



choose the spot where I am to be burned?" asked Birbal.

"Agreed again," said Akbar.

The following month was a busy one for Birbal. He chose a spot, that was in the depth of the forest. An underground passage was dug from that place leading to an opening two miles away, over which a hut was built.

Everyone in the kingdom

came from near and far, to see Birbal go to heaven. The Emperor seated on a dais, in all his pomp and glory watched the proceedings.

The mouth of the underground passage was hidden by a pyre of dry wood. Birbal climbed on to the pyre and asked his servants to completely cover him with logs of wood and to set it alight only after



half an hour.

During that interval, under the cover of the piled up wood, Birbal removed the logs covering the underground entrance, slipped into the passage and crept as fast as he could to the other end where the exit was.

Half an hour later, the servants poured barrels of oil on to the pyre and set it alight. The flames soon consumed the whole pile of wood and the opening of the passage was choked with the ashes.

The barber and all the ministers were very happy to see the end of Birbal.

A year rolled by - even Birbal's mother had forgotten him. Then a man with long beard and sparkling eyes, appeared in the Emperor's court. At first Akbar could not recognize Birbal, but when

he revealed his identity the Emperor was overjoyed.

Kneeling before the Emperor, Birbal gave an account of his trip to heaven. "Your Majesty" he said, "Your forefathers are very proud of you. But they are all in great discomfort because they have not had a haircut for years and years. Their beards sweep the floor and get into their way when they walk. So, they want you to send a barber to heaven. Your father, in particular, mentioned Mubarakh, your barber."

Now it was the turn for Mubarakh the barber to make his trip to heaven and he was buried in the graveyard of the Imperial barbers with Royal honour.

A year passed and many more, but no Mubarakh returned to earth.







## LIONS AND SWEETS

It was Somu's birthday, there was a big birthday cake, ice cream and lots of other goodies laid out on the table for the party.

Just before the party began, the children started to argue as to whether lions ate cakes and sweets, and if the animals would be friendly towards children, when they were offered sweets.

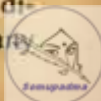
Ramu, Somu's elder brother was of the opinion, that lions did not eat sweets and that they did not make friends with boys and girls. Somu insisted that lions liked sweets and that they would become friendly. The other little guests were equally divided in their views.

So they decided to ask Somu and Ramu's grandfather what he thought was right.

Grandfather was reclining in his armchair dozing in the heat of the afternoon. When the children entered his room arguing noisily, he was abruptly awakened. "Happy birthday children to all of you," he cried.

"It's Somu's birthday grandfather and not ours," shouted the children.

"I know, I know," grandfather said, "But I wish everybody a happy birthday all the same, whether their birthdays are to come or whether they have passed. It makes no difference. I wish you all many



happy birthdays once again."

The children, then asked him to clear their doubts about the lions and the sweets.

"I will tell you a story about a lion and some sweets," said grandfather.

"A Story! A Story!" shouted the children.

As they crowded round grandfather's chair to listen to his tale.

"Grandfather, does the lion in your story eat cakes and sweets?" questioned Somu.

"Have patience my child," grandfather answered, "I should not tell you what happens beforehand."

Grandfather then took a large pinch of snuff and slowly began:

Once upon a time there was a Brahmin cook who lived in a village. He was so good at making sweets, that he was very much in demand everywhere. Whenever and wherever there was a feast, he was sure to be asked to prepare the sweets.

Late one afternoon, the cook was returning home from a big

feast in a rich man's house. He was carrying a big basket of his tastiest sweets which the rich man had given him for his children.

He was taking a short-cut home as he was in hurry to give the delicious sweets to his children. It was a big mistake for him to use the short-cut, because in doing so he had to pass through a dense forest and there was a big cave in that forest and in that cave there lived a large lion, with a very long mane.

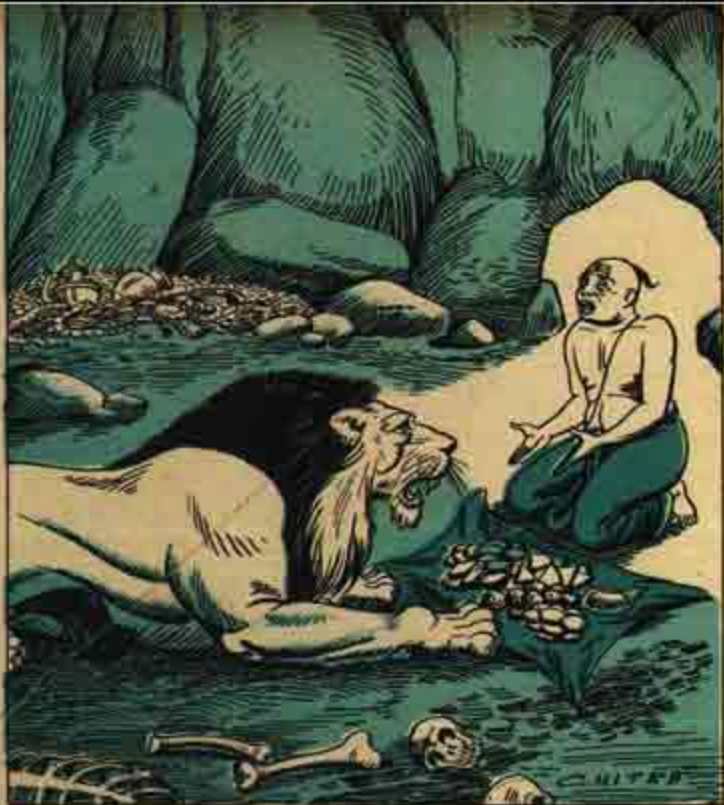
The Brahmin walked straight into the lion. Waving its tail above its head, the lion roared, "Halt! I am very hungry and I am going to eat you up!"

The Brahmin turned green with terror, his limbs shook and his teeth chattered. He stammered, "Oh! mighty King of the forest, I have the most wonderful things for you to eat, here in this basket. Pray do not eat my evil smelling self."

With that he opened the basket of sweets, and the King of forest was soon enjoying the delicious aroma coming from the sweets. Taking advantage of the







lion's interest the Brahmin stammered, "The sweets must be a thousand times tastier than my poor body and saltish blood, your Majesty."

The lion shook its majestic head in consent and proceeded to devour the sweets. Smacking its lips, it roared, "It's good eating Brahmin, I am very pleased with you, so you can have some of the gold

that is in my cave."

The lion was in the habit of collecting all the gold coins, jewellery and clothes that it found on the bodies of the people that it killed.

When the Brahmin beheld the huge heap of gold in the cave, his eyes lit up with avarice. "Great King of the Forest," the Brahmin cried as he heaped as much gold and ornaments



as he could into his upper cloth, "I will be very happy to give your majesty a big basket of sweets everyday just as good as the ones you have just eaten, if it so pleases you."

The lion growled in approval, "Yes."

From that day onwards the lion ate the Brahmin's sweets each day and in return the Brahmin took home as much of the lion's gold as he was able to carry.

"Children you all know," said grandfather, "that a jackal always waits upon a lion, eating the lion's left-overs from its kills. Now the jackal waiting on our sweet-eating lion began to starve, because the lion completely gave up making any kills. The jackal was a very clever as well as cunning animal. He decided that if it did not get rid of the Brahmin, who fed the lion with sweets, he would have to die of hunger. So, the jackal devised a brilliant plan with which to get rid of the Brahmin.

One afternoon, the jackal entered the lion's den, looking

very sad. It would not speak at all. Two big tears rolled down its nose. The lion was moved by the sight of the jackal's tears, and asked what was amiss.

"Many victories and a long life to your Majesty!", said the jackal. "Last night by chance, I happened to go to the Brahmin's village and there, I overheard him talking to his wife. He was saying, dear, I am so tired of cooking sweets for the lion everyday. Tomorrow I am going to put some poison into his sweets. If the lion dies, we can have all his gold for ourselves and become rich.

When the lion heard this its mane stood on end and its tail arched over its back. The lion raised its right forepaw and roared so loudly, that the whole forest seemed to shake "Let him come to me with his poisoned sweets and I will teach him a lesson."

The jackal was very happy that its plan had succeeded so well.

At the usual time the Brahmin arrived with his sweets



the lion. The lion at once stood on its hindlegs and roaring in anger said, "You human-snake! so you want to kill me! I will teach you a lesson!"

The Brahmin was terrified and pleaded with the lion, "Your Majesty! what has your humble servant done to deserve your highnesses wrath?"

"Did you not mix poison into my sweets this morning? Tell me before I kill you!" ordered the Lion.

"Your Majesty" beseeched the Brahmin, "I swear upon all that I hold holy, that I would

never do you any harm. If your Majesty doubts my intentions allow me to eat the sweets before you touch them."

The jackal intervened, "Your Majesty, knowing that he will die any way, this avaricious Brahmin wants to die a painless death by eating the sweets. For his offence, he should be torn into pieces by your Highness! Therefore please permit me to sample the sweets."

The jackal ate only one sweet and upon doing so, immediately fell to the ground and lay there motionless.





Now the lion was convinced of the Brahmin's guilt, and raising its paw over the Brahmin's head, the lion roared. "The jackal has died because of your poisoned sweets. What have you to say, wretch, before I kill you for your wickedness?"

Shivering with fright the Brahmin answered, "I have not committed any offence against your noble life, but as I am condemned to die, grant me one last wish."

"What is this last wish of yours?" growled the lion.

"We Brahmins" pleaded the Brahmin, "wear what is called a sacred thread. If at the time of our death, we tie a piece of the skin of a jackal to it, we go straight to heaven. Otherwise, we have to go to hell."

"Granted," growled the lion, as it went to sharpen its claws on a stone, which it kept for this purpose in a corner of its cave. After sharpening its claws, the lion went towards the jackal in order to tear out a piece of its skin to give to the Brahmin.

What followed was a miracle. The jackal leapt up with a bound and disappeared, never to be seen again.

Grandfather then turned to the children and said, "Do you see now children, that lions are noble beasts who do love to eat sweets and do make friends with human beings.

The children all agreed saying "True, true, grandfather" and hurried away to begin their party.







## THE SHADE OF A TREE

Amir was one of the wealthy men of the village. In front of his house, there stood a big tree and every afternoon he used to place his cot under the tree and relax upon it. The tree would shade him with its umbrella of thick leaves whilst he had his nap.

One day, Amir came out of his house and found Ahmed, the village ne'er-do-well sitting in the shade of the tree.

"You oaf!" he shouted, "who permitted you to sit in the shade of my tree?"

"Kind, Sir," the man replied, "I was feeling very hot after walking a long distance in the sun, so I sat in the shade of the tree to take some rest."

"Away with you," shouted

Amir angrily, "the tree is mine, I planted it, watered it and nurtured it with my own hands. The shade of the tree is therefore mine and no one else can sit under it."

Ahmed took a deep breath and said, "Sir, I love the shade of your tree so much, that I cannot leave it. And, since you won't allow me to sit under your tree, let us come to an agreement. For how much will you sell me the shade of this tree?"

Amir pricked up his ears, at the word sell. "Well, give me one hundred and fifty rupees and you can have the shade of my tree," Amir barked.

"The timber is yours, the leaves are yours and the roots are yours,"



as well, so I will give you only fifty rupees for the shade of the tree and nothing more," saying this Ahmed got up and started walking away.

Amir called him back and said, "Give me seventy five rupees."

Ahmed replied, "not a paise more" and continued to walk away.

But in the end a bargain was struck and the price fixed was fifty rupees. In the presence of the village elders, Ahmed paid the sum of fifty rupees to Amir, for the use of the shade of the

big tree in front of Amir's house.

Everyone in the village knew that Ahmed must be up to some kind of mischief. But Amir was extremely happy that he had got fifty rupees for the sale of the mere shadow of the tree.

Everyday after that, Ahmed would come and sit in the shade of the tree. He would also call all the village idlers, like himself, to come and sit there with him and he would invite the cattle boys to bring their cattle and tether them under the tree too.

Not content with this, Ahmed with his following of vagabonds, cows, buffaloes and street dogs moved with the shadow wherever it went. When the shadow fell on the front verandah of Amir's house, Ahmed was there with his retinue. When it lay in his drawing room, he was there also and finally when it fell in his backyard, he would be there too.

Amir lost his temper and shouted, "Ahmed you are a wicked man! What right have you to come into my verandah or into my drawing room or my backyard with all your





ragamuffin friends" cattle and dogs?"

Ahmed sweetly replied, "Sir, did I or did I not buy the shadow of your tree? Therefore, have I not the right to go wherever my purchase leads me?"

A few days later the wedding of Amir's daughter was being celebrated. The bridegroom's relatives had arrived and all the rich people of the village and other villages nearby had come too.

The wedding feast was in progress, when the shadow of the tree fell on the house. In came Ahmed with his following of idlers, cattle and dogs. The guests could not understand why such a motley crowd had come to the wedding. They asked Ahmed to explain the reason for their presence, and Ahmed told them about his buying the

shadow of the tree. When the guests heard the story they all laughed loud and long.

Amir felt very humiliated and was on the verge of tears. He fell at Ahmed's feet and begged him saying, "Take back your fifty rupees, man, and leave me alone."

"Prices have risen, Sir," I will not sell the shadow of your tree back to you for anything less than three hundred rupees" replied Ahmed.

Happy to get rid of Ahmed at any cost, Amir went into his house, unlocked his safe, took out the three hundred rupees and gave the money to Ahmed.

The next day Ahmed bought some new clothes for himself and invited all his friends for a big feast. Amir had realised that it never pays for a man to be too greedy.





# THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN



What a funny name! Say it like this...  
**MONK - - - HOW - - - SEN**

Hello, CHANDAMAMA readers. I am very pleased to meet you. My name is Baron Munchausen, and if such a name does not at first seem easy to say, let us go through it piece by piece.

*Munc* is said like *monk*, *hau* is said like *how* and *sen* is said like it is written. In this way we get *Monk-how-sen*, and before I begin to tell you of some of my wonderful adventures, let us say my name together. Are you ready?

One, two, three—Monk-how-sen!

Did you manage to say it? Yes, I am sure you did!

Now for the story of some of my wonderful adventures, which started when I set off on a journey to Russia in the middle of Winter, when the whole countryside was white with snow and frost.

I went on horseback, finding that it was the best way of travelling, because I could wander where I pleased and did not have to rely on making journeys by stage-coach, which have the habit of stopping each time the driver feels in need of food or a rest by the fire at a roadside inn.

Not having too many warm clothes, I was glad of a heavy cloak to put round my shoulders, as I went in a Northerly direction through Poland. It helped to keep out a little of the cold and icy wind, but what I suffered was nothing to compare with the misery of



poor old man, whom I saw lying in a ditch in a field.

He was huddled up in his thin and ragged clothes, shivering and shaking like a jelly.

"Poor old soul, I pity you," I said and though I was cold enough myself, I at once took off my cloak and flung it to the old man. "Here, take it," I told him. "It will keep you a little warmer than you are now."

"Bless you, kind sir, such a good and noble action will gain the reward it deserves," was all the poor old man could say through his chattering teeth. "May good fortune be yours wherever you go. You have the look of a man in need of wonderful and strange adventures—and you will have them."

Cheered up by the old man's words I went on my way and did not seem to feel the cold. Presently, night and darkness overtook me.

No sight or sound of a village was to be met with. The country side was covered in snow and I did not know the way to the nearest inn, where I might



I at once took off my cloak and flung it to the shivering old man.

have taken a bed for the night.

"It is useless to go on, my gallant friend," I told my horse. "We might as well get some rest at the spot where we are now. Tomorrow morning we may perhaps sight a village, where food can be bought for both of us."

My horse tossed its head, as though in agreement with



plan, so I got off its back and looked round for a tree or a bush to which I could tie the animal for the night.

There was nothing growing—not a tree nor even a blade of grass. All I could see was a bare stretch of snow.

"It would not do to let you wander loose," I told my horse. "You might easily wander away and get lost, and then I should be in a sorry mess, with no horse and no food and only my feet to carry me."

Just then, to my great joy, I saw something sticking up out of the snow. It appeared to be made from two sticks of wood, fastened together in the shape of a cross.

"I cannot think why such a thing should be here, nor can I guess what its proper use might be," I said to myself, "but it will serve very well as a post to tie my horse to for the night."

Having fastened my horse by means of its reins to the stick, I placed my two pistols beside me and lay down on the snow.

"At least we shall not be kept awake by any noise," I said

aloud to my horse. "We must be many miles away from a village."

I was so tired that I fell asleep at once and I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes again until full daylight.

For several moments I was greatly puzzled. I could hear voices and the chatter of children. Had a party of people come out to find me in the snow?

I blinked my eyes until they opened even wider. Close to me, I saw two laughing red faces, belonging to a boy and a girl, who were pointing at me and seemed to be greatly amused.

"Good morning, kind sir," the little boy chuckled. "Are you the owner of a horse whose stable is in the sky?"

"Yes, I own a horse," I admitted, "but what you mean by its having a stable in the sky I cannot even begin to imagine. Last night my horse was safely tied to some stout sticks in the ground."

Glancing about me, very puzzled, I saw quite a crowd





of people. Several were grown-ups and they were pointing upwards and shouting, "The horse! Just look at the horse! See, up there!"

You can imagine my astonishment at finding myself in the middle of a village, lying in a churchyard. My horse was nowhere to be seen, but I heard it neigh somewhere above me.

On looking upwards, I beheld it hanging by its

reins to the cross on top of the church steeple.

Things were now very plain to me. The village had been covered with very deep snow, and a sudden change of weather had taken place overnight.

As the snow had melted away, I had gently sunk down into the churchyard while still soundly sleeping—and what in the dark I had taken to be wooden sticks in the ground, to which I



"This will serve very well as a post to tie my horse to," I said.

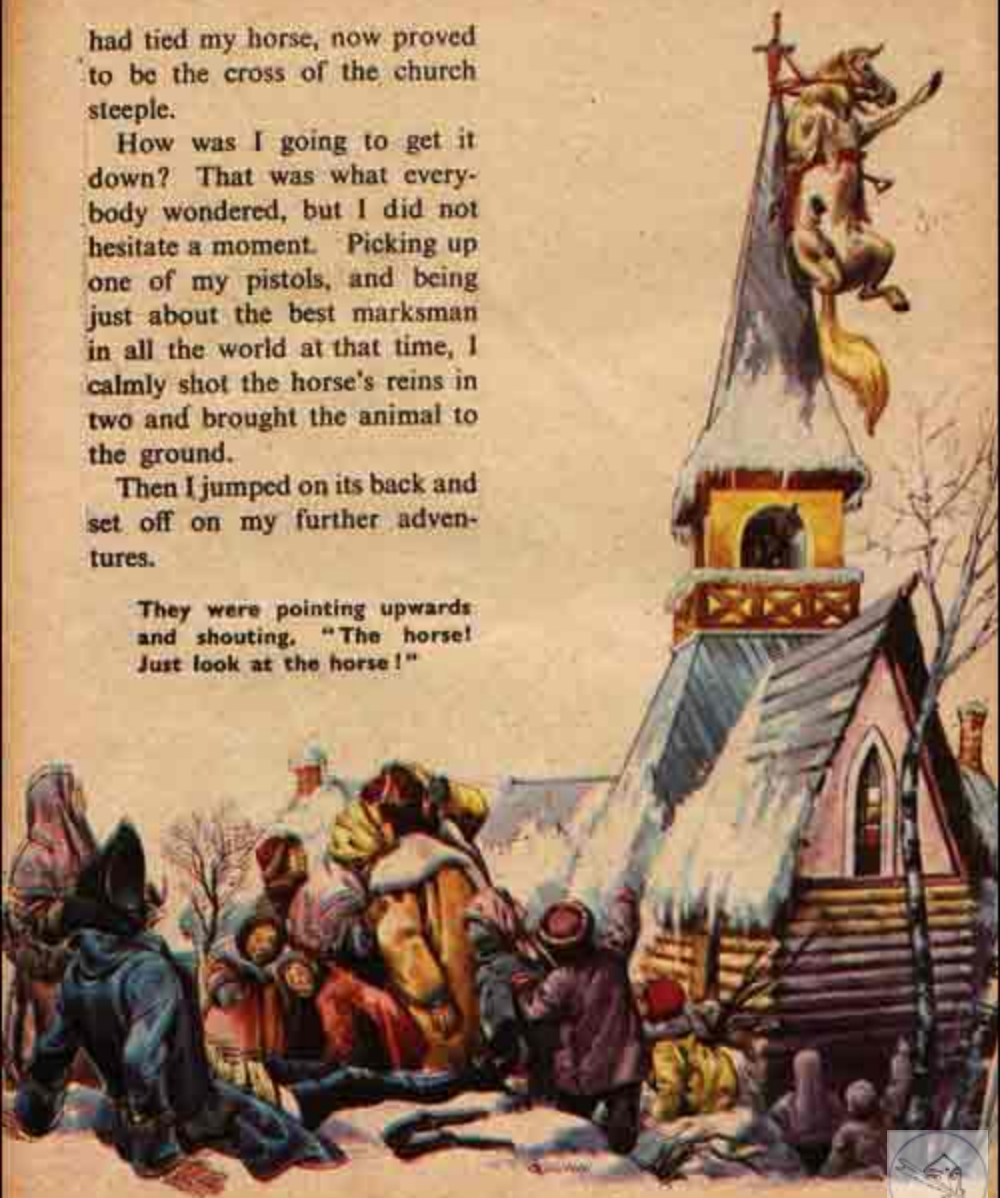


had tied my horse, now proved to be the cross of the church steeple.

How was I going to get it down? That was what everybody wondered, but I did not hesitate a moment. Picking up one of my pistols, and being just about the best marksman in all the world at that time, I calmly shot the horse's reins in two and brought the animal to the ground.

Then I jumped on its back and set off on my further adventures.

**They were pointing upwards and shouting, "The horse! Just look at the horse!"**





## HOW TO MAKE GOLD

Madhav was a wealthy citizen of the city of Kapisa. He had enough money to enable him to live in luxury. But he had a bee in his bonnet. His sole aim in life was to make gold out of baser metals. No cost, he considered, was too much for his experiments. He wasted his money in trying to make gold out of copper and iron without any success.

Madhav's wife was a very sensible woman. She was very capable in managing the home by making a little money go a long way. But she pleaded in vain with her husband not to waste his money.

Madhav spent money like water in making his experiments

and when his wife admonished him, he would reply, "Dear wife, don't be impatient, success is just around the corner!" Finally the time came when they could not make both ends meet.

Madhav's wife found it impossible to run the house without any money. She went to her father and said to him, "My husband has spent all his wealth trying to make gold, now we have nothing to live on. What shall I do, father?"

"Don't worry my child," consoled her father. "all will be well again. I will talk to Madhav."

Her father then sent for Madhav and at lunch asked him how his experiments were





progressing. Madhav told his father-in-law in detail, all about his work and his hope that success would soon come.

"How is it my son you have never told me of your experiments" demanded his father-in-law. "I was a master alchemist and I know of a secret formula which will help you to make gold out of the dust that lies under your feet."

Madhav shed tears of gratitude and cried, "Sir, I am your humble servant. Command me to do whatever you wish. What is the formula, please tell me."

"Son," replied - Madhav's father-in-law, "It is something which requires a great deal of patience, courage and persistence".

"I will work night and day, so please I beg of you to give me the formula" pleaded Madhav.

"That is simple, son," his father-in-law said. "You will have to collect five kilograms of the down which is found on plantain leaves. First you must plant the trees and water them with your own two hands, reciting a magic verse, which I will

teach you."

"Will I have to plant and water many plantain trees, Sir?" asked Madhav.

"Certainly," replied the father-in-law, "You will have to have nothing less than five acres of plantain garden."

Madhav's father-in-law had to advance him the money for buying the land, for levelling it, for ploughing it and for buying the little trees. The watering of the plants was the sole job of Madhav. From early morning till late in the night, he watered and cared for the plants reciting the magic verse, which his father-in-law had taught him. The plants grew quickly, and were a feast for the eyes of on-lookers.

Madhav's only concern was to collect the down from the plantain leaves. He was not bothered about the fine fruits which his plantain trees bore. After three days of collecting as much down as he could from the trees, he realised that to obtain five kilograms it would not be matter of a week or a fortnight but a task of many





months or even years.

While Madhav's attention was completely taken up with the gathering of the down, his wife was more sensibly interested in the garden. Everyday, she sold the plantains and the plantain leaves in the city market at a good price. Money started flowing continuously in her till, and all the while Madhav was waiting anxiously for the distant day, when the plantain down he was collecting would add up to five kilograms.

Three years passed by, and Madhav's down still did not even amount to three kilograms. But bravely he went on gathering the down whilst his wife was sending cart loads of plantain leaves and plantains to the market everyday and the money she made in selling them was ever increasing.

Another two years passed, and Madhav at last had collected his five kilograms of plantain down. He took the down to his father-in-law and placed



it at his feet saying, "Father, here is the down. Now show me how to make it into gold."

"It has already been made son," cried his father-in-law, laughing very happily, and turning to his daughter he asked, "Child, what is the amount of money that you have made from the plantain garden during the last five years?"

She went into her room and came back with several bags filled with gold-pieces and placed them at the feet of her father.

Madhav did not understand what was going on between the father and daughter. His sole concern with the plantain garden had been the gathering of down on the plantain leaves. It had never crossed his mind

that the garden may have had other uses as well.

His father-in-law emptied all the gold pieces from the bags, on the ground. They made a thick carpet of gold. After hours and hours of counting, by the oldman, his daughter and Madhav, the amount totalled to fifty thousand pieces of gold.

His father-in-law, turned to Madhav and said, "Son, here is a fortune in gold. Your wife has made it from the plantain garden which you planted and watered with your own hands for all these years."

Madhav admired the commonsense his father-in-law possessed in such abundance and wondered at his own lack of it.







# SAMBU'S TREASURE

Many years ago Amaravati was ruled over by King Vikram. As he was a wise king, he did not believe all that his flattering courtiers told him. He wanted to find out for himself the views of the people, over whom he ruled. To do this, he would dress himself up as a pedlar, or a sadhu, or a musician, and wander about his kingdom, unknown to anyone. He especially loved to play on the flute and his playing was so good that it earned him many a meal and also some money from good people who were pleased with his music. At the same time, the king also learnt what his people thought about

him and of the way in which he ruled.

One day the king was walking through a wood in disguise, as usual. He heard someone playing on a flute. The playing was amateurish but had a native magic about it. Vikram went in the direction of the music and found a goatherd sitting on a rock playing away. The king quietly sat down and waited for him to finish his tune. Then he went up to the lad, and marvelled at his handsome face and body.

"Son," said Vikram, "if you come with me to Amaravati, I will give you good food, fine clothes and a good job."





The boy who loved adventure, readily agreed to go with the king.

Vikram ordered that the goatherd, Sambu was to be lodged in his palace, and to be given good food, clothing and schooling. The quick witted boy, surprised his teachers with the rapid progress he made in his studies. When they sent his progress reports to the king, he was very pleased.

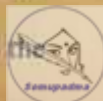
After the period of his schooling was over, Sambu went on a vacation to his own

village. He walked along the old forest-paths, and up and down the hillsides playing on his flute. When his friends asked him about the life at court, Sambu would reply, "Friends, there is nothing like being a goatherd." But his friends thought that Sambu was kidding them.

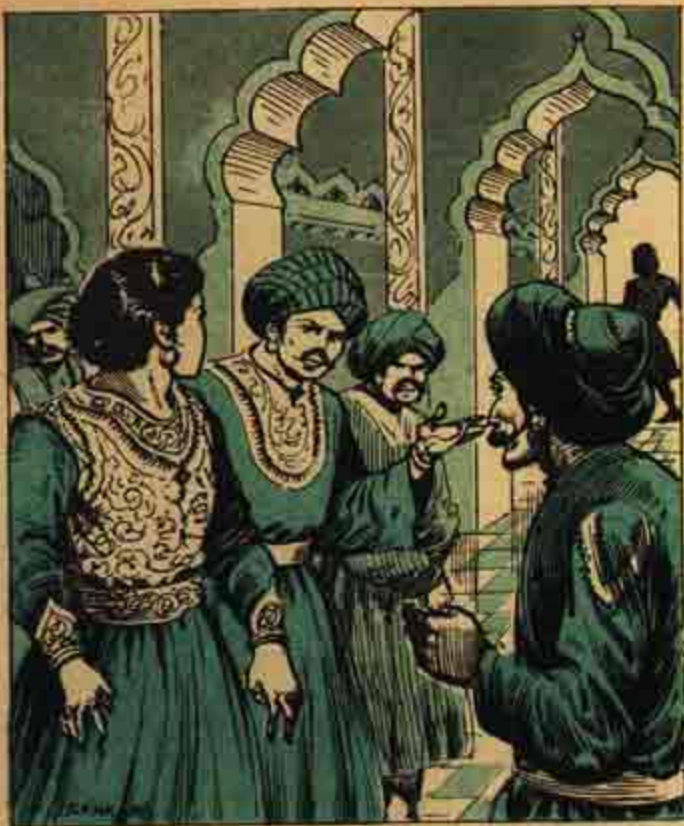
After his vacation was over, Sambu returned to Amaravati. It so happened that the post of the king's treasurer had fallen vacant, whilst he was away. The king immediately appointed Sambu to the post. Sambu was so hardworking and methodical in his work, that Vikram was greatly pleased with him.

After some time, the king died and his son, Manoj came to the throne. The king's officers had always been jealous of the goatherd who had become treasurer and now that he was friendless, on account of the old king's death, they waited for an opportunity to do him an ill-turn. They carried tales about the young treasurer to the new king.

Manoj could not ignore the







warnings of his aged officers. He wanted to find out for himself the truth of the charges against his treasurer.

The conspirators approached the king, "Your Majesty, ask the treasurer to show you the diamond-studded sword that your great grandfather had

made." The king commanded his treasurer to bring the sword to him. Sambu did as he was ordered. "Many victories to your Majesty," said Sambu, "the diamonds on the hilt of the sword were used in making some jewels for her majesty, the Queen Mother upon



orders given by his Majesty, your father."

It was easy for Sambu to produce records of the transaction.

The king then turned to the conspirators and said, "Sambu seems to be an honest man." The Chief Minister said, "one last request, your Majesty. Let there be a stock-taking of the contents of the treasury at once. It is the practice to have a stock-taking done everytime a new king comes to the throne." There followed a thorough stock taking of the contents of the treasury. Sambu was such a careful treasurer that everything was in perfect order. The king was greatly pleased with his treasurer.

As the party was leaving the treasury, one of the king's officers drew the attention of the king to a closed iron-door, in the wall, which had not been opened.

"Treasurer, what is in that recess in the wall? Why have not these things been accounted for?" demanded the king.

"Your Majesty, Sambu rep-

lied, "They are my personal treasures."

The king thought, that his officers were right after all and that the treasurer must be a thief and a liar. At the king's command the iron door in the wall was opened. What were the treasure hidden there? What were the treasure that Sambu owned and had kept there?

They were his old black shepherd's woollen rug, a pair of sandals, and the bamboo flute, which he had not had the time to play upon after coming to court.

"Your Majesty, when I was brought here by your noble father, I had nothing but these things. They were all my earthly possessions. What happiness they gave me! A happiness I no longer know. The old goatherd Sambu is dead beyond recall!" The king was ashamed of his suspicions. He promoted Sambu for his perfect honesty. He made him one of his Ministers.

Sambu became a bosom friend of the king, just like he had been to the king's father.



## THE THREE RUSSIAN PRINCES

Little children in Russia have their favourite fairy stories which they like to listen to over and over again. This is one of them.

It all began when Shenkal, a greedy and powerful magician, found his way into the palace of the Grand-Duke Ivan, and kidnapped Princess Olga, his

only daughter, who was very beautiful.

Shenkal carried her away to his castle on the top of Black Mountain, believing that the princess would agree to be his wife.

Princess Olga, however, had other ideas. "Rather than marry you, I would throw





myself into the sea," she said to Shenkal.

This made the magician very angry. He asked Olga again to be his wife and she refused a second time, even more scornfully.

"Very well," growled Shenkal. "You are not the first to disobey me, so now you will join the others."

Unfastening from round his waist a length of silk rope, he touched the proud princess with the end of it, at the same time muttering some mysterious magic words. Olga at once changed into a silver-coloured fish, which Shenkal tossed into a fountain pool, where more than a hundred other fish were swimming around.

These were also the many young girls who had refused to marry Shenkal, and who had been changed into fish by a touch from the magic silk rope.

As Shenkal marched angrily away from the fountain, he was watched by an old gardener, who hated him.

Not liking what he had seen, the gardener hurried to the

palace of the Grand-Duke Ivan and told him what had happened in the magician's castle on Black Mountain.

Ivan knew that three princes, Ratmir, Russmond and Relkor were in love with Princess Olga, so he called them to him and said: "My good friends, the magician Shenkal has kidnapped my daughter and now has changed her into a silver fish, with the aid of the magic silken rope which he always carries round his waist. To rescue her, a man would need to be brave, for it might even cost him his life."

"This wicked Shenkal has stolen the girl of my dreams," declared Ratmir, the first prince. "When I have fought with him and beaten him, I will rescue her and make her my wife."

"You will never do that, for I shall get there first to defeat the evil Shenkal," Russmond, the second prince, said boldly.

Relkor, the third prince, looked very serious but did not say a word.

"Go then to the B





Mountain," said the Grand Duke. "Olga shall marry the man who rescues her."

Ratmir started off at once on a swift white horse, travelling at a gallop as fast as the wind itself. After many miles he came to a pleasant stretch of green grassland, where a herd of sheep were grazing. They were being watched over by a beautiful young shepherdess from a tree-stump on top of a mound.

At the sight of her, Ratmir forgot about Olga and his bold promise to rescue her. He jumped down off his horse and begged the shepherdess to marry him at once.

The second prince, Russmond, also rode at a furious gallop on a big white horse. He was still feeling very bold and brave—until he came in sight of the magician's castle on Black Mountain.

He stopped. It looked such an evil and forbidding place that he started to shake with fright. All his courage left him. He turned and galloped back, faster than a streak of lightning.





Relkor, the third prince, was not impatient like the other two. He thought hard and long about the task of rescuing Olga. He knew that strength and force would not beat Shenkal, for the magician was no ordinary person. The way to beat him was by clever

cunning, not by rushing around in a great hurry as Ratmir and Russmond had done. Deciding on a plan, he sent his servants out to buy silks, ribbons, jewellery and other things which would disguise him as a young woman.

Dressed up and wearing a splendid hat, Relkor made the journey to the magician's castle, arriving there in the late evening. He knocked loudly and Shenkal came to the door. He seemed angry at being disturbed, but at the sight of his visitor quickly swallowed his rage.

"Fair maid, what do you want?" he asked.

"Alas, I was gathering flowers and I wandered away from my servants," said Relkor. "Now I am lost. It is almost night and, I must confess, I am much afraid. Could I please stay here for the night?"

"Willingly, young lady," replied Shenkal. "Judging by your appearance you must be the daughter of a very noble person. Please enter."

Relkor passed through





door and, followed by Shenkal, came into the big garden. "How lovely! What a display of flowers!" he said. "And what a pretty fountain pool—so full of delightful silver fish. Oh, kind sir, please lend me your silken rope to throw into the water to see if I can catch one."

"What are you saying?" chuckled Shenkal. "You could not catch a fish with a rope like this."

"Do let me try," begged Relkor. "It would not take more than a few moments and if I did catch one of those lovely silver fish I would be so happy."

"Very well," Shenkal agreed. With a smile he handed the magic silk rope to Relkor. This was Relkor's chance. Muttering some magic words, which a kind fairy had taught him, he touched Relkor with the rope—and the magician at once turned into a croaking frog.

That done, Relkor touched the water of the fountain pool. The silver fish changed into



young women again, and they stepped happily out.

Naturally, Relkor revealed to Olga who he was and how he had come to break the magic spell. Together they returned to the Grand-Duke Ivan, and the wedding that followed was the most splendid ever seen in Russia.







## Stories from **MAHABHARATA**

*After the Vedas, the most famous works of Sanskrit literature are the two great Epics, Mahabharata and Ramayana which portrayed the life of the people, supplying ideal heroes and heroines. The Mahabharata was written in the sixth century B.C. and is the 'Great Epic of the War of the Descendants of Bharata'. Commencing in this issue, Chandamama proudly presents a colourful story based on the Mahabharata.*

In his forest abode, Saunak was performing a big sacrifice. Sutha was one of the many seers invited to the sacrifice. He was the greatest story-teller of those times. There was no story that he did not know of, and he knew all the stories that had ever been told.

After giving Sutha a warm welcome, the sages assembled

there gathered round him and requested him to tell them some of the many stories that he knew of and which were appropriate for the occasion.

"Friends," replied Sutha, "I can tell you a story which is most suitable for this holy occasion. It is the *Mahabharata*, composed by the great sage, Veda Vyas.

"Do tell us," everyone asked.

"Sages," began Sutha, "with your kind permission, I'll tell you first how the *Mahabharata* came to be written. Veda Vyas was meditating on a peak of Himavant, when the idea of writing the *Mahabharata*, the story of the Sons of Pandu, and Dhritarashtra, came into his mind. As the idea was taking shape, the sage dreamt a dream. The God of Creation, Brahma, appeared to him. Veda Vyas touched His feet and said, "Bless me, Omnipotent Father. I desire to write the *Mahabharata*, from which shall radiate moral and spiritual wisdom. I cannot do this unaided. So recommend to me a scribe.

"Son, blessed be your noble project!" replied the God. "I recommend Lord Ganapathi to you for taking down your great master-piece." Then Veda Vyas woke up from his dream.

Veda Vyas closed his eyes and meditated on Lord Ganapathi, the elephant-headed God, who is invoked at the beginning of all important undertakings. And there stood



the God himself! The Sage bowed to Him and said, "Lord Brahma, the Divine father, has commanded me to seek your help for writing down the *Mahabharata* as I sing it for the good of mankind. Please do me this great favour!"

Veda Vyas saw before his mind's eye, the whole story of the *Mahabharata* unfold itself. He described what he saw and God Ganapathi took it all down.

Sage Sutha, then commenced his recital of the *Mahabharata*







to Saunak and the other sages gathered there.

### *The Story of the Stolen Ear-rings*

As Janamejay, the son of King Parikshat was performing a great sacrifice, a hound of the Gods, called Saramaya, strayed on to the sacred spot and was driven away with sticks by the Princes who were keeping guard. It went and complained to its mother, Sarama, about the beating, and she cursed the Princes,

"Whoever hurts the innocent and the poor, will soon be made to pay for it."

When Janamejay came to know of this, he wanted to forestall the curse by offering prayers to the Gods. He chose Somasrav, a priest who was worthy of the task.

While the prayers were being offered by Somasrav, the Sage Udank came to King Janamejay's place and said "King, you leave undone what should be done."

"Revered Sir," replied the King, "I do not know to which lapse of mine you may be referring. Have I not been most careful in doing all my kingly duties these years?"

"Your greatest lapse," replied Udank, "has been to leave Takshak, the serpent who killed your noble father, unpunished. Not only did he bite your father, but he also bribed Kasyap, the physician, not to cure him.

Udank himself had his own score to settle with Takshak. After his studies were over, he had wished to offer a present to his teacher, who in turn bade



him ask his wife. She asked Udank for two ear-rings which were worn by Paushya's queen.

Udank went to the queen and asked her for the ear-rings. She readily gave them to him. But before doing so, she warned Udank, "Revered Sir, the serpent Takshak is also after the ear-rings! He is a cunning devil. So, take a good care of the ear-rings."

The Queen's fears came too true. As Udank was standing in a lake praying to the Sun God, Takshak stole the ear-rings which Udank had kept for safety on the bank of the lake. Seeing Takshak run away with the ear-rings, Udank chased him. After a long chase, he caught Takshak. Suddenly, Takshak turned himself into a snake, slithered through his fingers, and disappeared into a hole in the ground.

Udank dug into the hole. He dug deeper and deeper till he came to the Land of the Serpents. His prayers to the serpents were unheeded by them. As he was becoming desperate, he saw a person on horseback. The horse was



the God of Fire, the rider was the God Indra. But Udank didn't know this. When the person asked Udank, what he could do for him, he replied, "Sir, pray give me mastery over the Serpent Land."

All of a sudden tongues of flame leaped through the nostrils of the horse. They billowed out and spread, with columns of black smoke swirling into the sky. Afraid that the whole of the Serpent Land would be



burnt to ashes, Takshak gave back the stolen ear-rings. Udank returned home and gave the ear-rings to his teacher's wife.

After Udank left Janamejay asked his ministers, whether they could tell him about the death of his father. The ministers told the king the story of Parikshat's death.

Parikshat came to the throne after the death of Abhimanyu, his father in battle, while the Pandavas, his forefathers left for the Abode of the Blessed.

King Parikshat was very fond of hunting. Whilst he was chasing a deer, he came across a sage, lost in meditation, and asked him, "Sir, can you tell me in which direction the deer has gone?"

The sage made no answer, and Parikshat in a fit of anger, picked up a dead snake with his arrow-head and slung it round the neck of the sage. The sage's son hearing of this, came to the spot where his father was and cursed the man who had put the dead snake round his father's neck, saying that the doer of the deed would die within a week, of Serpent Takshak's bite.

When the sage came to know of his son's curse, he sent a messenger to King Parikshat, warning him of the danger he was in, so that he could take all possible precautions.

Parikshat repented for his rashness and upon hearing of the curse was very much afraid. His ministers built a fortress of black granite for him and made it snake-proof. They stocked the fortress with





anti-snake-bite herbs and medicines. Eminent physicians were sent for from the most distant places. The King lived in the fortress with his ministers and felt safe.

Six days passed by uneventfully. On the seventh day, Kasyap, an eminent snake-bite specialist was going to Parikshat's fortress in order to cure him if he was bitten by the snake. Takshak, also in human form, was walking along behind Kasyap, racking his brains for a plan with which to by-pass the guards in order to reach the King. Both of them met. When Kasyap told Takshak of his errand, he was interested. "What can you do, sir," asked Takshak, for people bitten by snakes?"

"I have anti-dotes for the bites of the most venomous snakes," replied Kasyap, "and can bring back to life even those dead of snake-bite."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Takshak.

"I can show you, if you like!" replied Kasyap.

"That may be true of other

snakes, sir, but not of Takshak's bite," boasted Takshak. "I am Takshak, my friend! My bite is a little different from that of the other snakes in the world. Those I bite don't just die. They perish and are reduced to a handful of dust. Your healing will be of no avail to them! So, it is best for you to return home, sir."

"Not so soon, sir," replied Kasyap. "Even from the dust I can bring the dead back to life!"





Takshak challenged Kasyap to a test, and bit a big banyan tree. In a jiffy a big heap of white ashes lay, where the tree had stood.

Kasyap closed his eyes and made an incantation. Out of the ashes, the banyan tree once again rose up, as before, with its green leaves and its many pillared bigness.

"Agreed, sir," replied Takshak, "you're great! But should you foil a sage's curse? If you desist from your endeavour, I'll give you more gold than Parikshat can ever give you!"

Kasyap took the gold Takshak gave him and returned home. Takshak continued

on his journey.

He sent some of his snakes in the form of men to Parikshat's fortress. They took flowers and fruits to the King. When the King opened one of those fruits, there was a little worm in it. Parikshat said, "The seventh sun is setting. If the curse is to come true, it'll have to be through this worm, or not at all!"

A big hiss, and behold! the little worm became a huge serpent, projecting tongues of flame. It was Takshak. He bit the King. Nothing remained after this. Not only the King, but the whole building of granite, the ministers and everything else had become heaps of rubble.



# PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

An opportunity to win a prize...

Winning captions will be featured in the September issue.



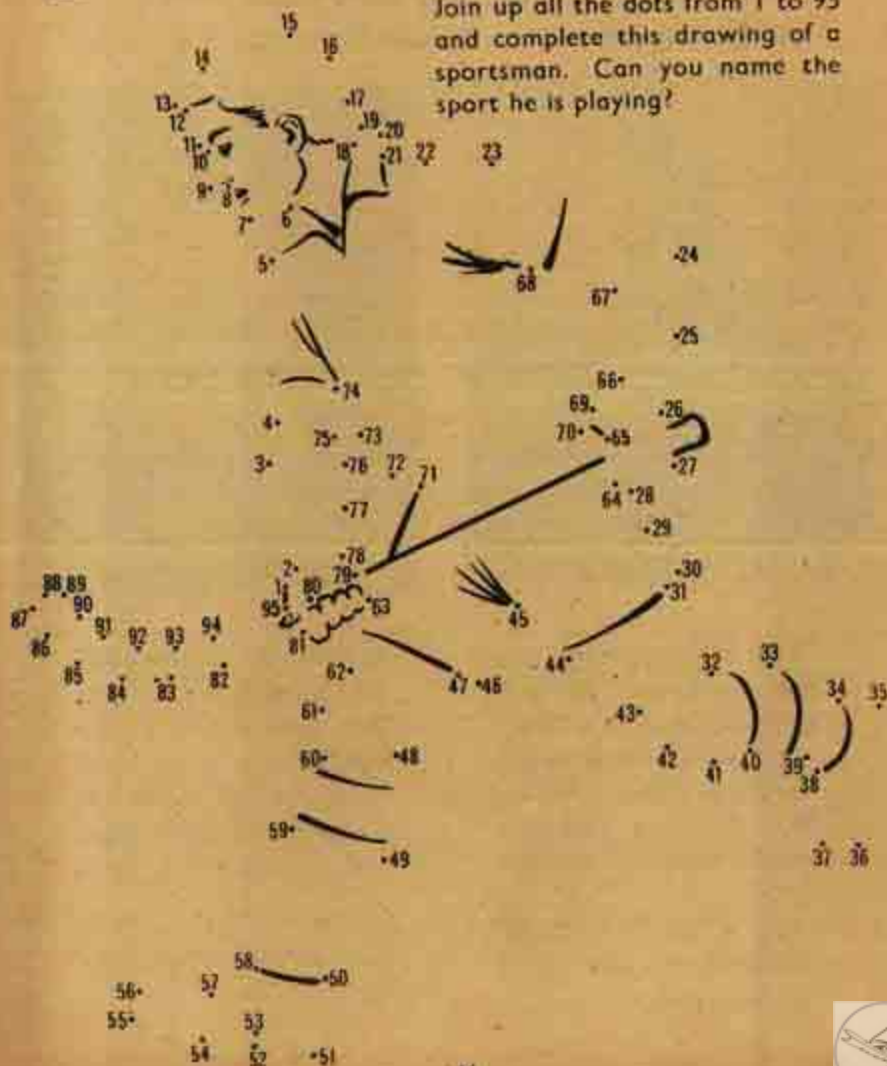
- \* These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words, but the two captions should be related to each other.
- \* Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.
- \* Entries must be received before 31st July, otherwise they cannot be considered.
- \* Your entry should be written on a postcard and be addressed to:—

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# Puzzle Time

Join up all the dots from 1 to 95 and complete this drawing of a sportsman. Can you name the sport he is playing?







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